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DIARY OF THE SECRETARY.

London, July 7. Started out from Holborn Viaduct Hotel with a friend to worship at St. Margaret's, the church nearest Westminster Abbey, where Canon Farrar preaches to-day. We could find only a standing place and that near the entrance, and I concluded to return to Dr. Joseph Parker's tabernacle at High Holborn, where I heard a characteristic sermon from the pastor on Christ, the Light of the World. No selection or arrangement of words of which I can conceive could make so much light flash from the text. Passages in the sermon were studded with gem-like words which glittered and shone with the amazing truth which light symbolizes. The communion service which followed was simple and touching. The places from which the visitors present came, ascertained by cards circulated and collected from the audience, were mentioned by the pastor and kind words of appreciation and welcome were scattered among us, as grateful as bon-bons among children. With what avidity a hungry heart seizes the smallest and most general expression of fellowship! Our country was prominent in prayer, surely none too much so.

I dined at Ling's Temperance Hotel, South street, Finsbury, with more than thirty guests sitting at a long table with our host, Mr. Ling, at the head and his wife at the foot. It was pleasant to have him lead us in "grace before meat." This hotel is not merely "temperance" for advertising purposes, but intoxicating liquors are rigidly excluded from principle. The great temperance mass meeting at the Crystal Palace has crowded it with guests. I was the guest at tea of a kind family named Dennis at Catford Bridge, in the parish of Lewistown and preached at a small Congregational chapel there at evening.

July 8. The busy London carpenters were at work near my window at 6 A. M. I went out on the quiet streets and found near the railway station a van with hot coffee, bread and butter, and sweet-bread spiced with caraway seeds. The workingmen stayed their stomachs as they passed for a penny. I did the same. Why is not something as inexpensive, wholesome and refreshing to be had in our cities where our laboring men go to their early work? Such a provision gives needed comfort and lessens the temptation to drink whisky. After a quiet day at the cool and roomy offices of the Peace Society, near by my hotel, I attended a reception of the American and other friends of Peace at Mr. Walter Hazel's, treasurer of the London Peace Society. An elegant house, spacious rooms and hospitable table, with the hearty greetings of our host and his wife and other English friends made a most enjoyable occasion. Some remarks were made towards the close of the evening by Miss Peckover of Wisbeck, Mr. Howard Evans, editor of *The Echo*, Mr. Hazel, Mr. Darby and the writer, chiefly on the recent Congress in Paris, the opportunities and suggestions which it furnished. We met besides those mentioned, Rev. E. C. Hood and wife, and Mr. Francis B. Gilman of our own country, Mrs. Lucas, John Bright's sister, Rev. J. P. Gledstone and wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bennett, Frederic G. Cash, William Tallock, Mrs. Southey (at whose home we had previously enjoyed a "peace tea" with several members of the Christian Kingdom Society), Mr. and Mrs. Felix Moscheles, Henry Catford, Miss Braithwaite, Mr. George Gillett, Mr. James Henderson, Miss Peppercorn and other earnest laborers in the cause of Peace.

July 9. At 6 A. M. I strolled around Finsbury Park and over to the great Liverpool Street Railway Station out of which came a continuous stream of working men, women, boys and girls. Some of the latter were not more than ten of twelve years old. Yesterday's soot had not been washed from their pallid faces and grimy hands. They almost ran to their work, each carrying a little lunch wrapped in a piece of newspaper. There were beery-looking men, and women with little babes in arms, the latter to be left for a penny to the care (?) of somebody. It was good to see some able to stop a moment at the vans and sip the hot coffee with its milk and sweetness newly drawn from the boiler on wheels. With it was eaten half a slice of thickly cut bread spread with jam.

Letters from home! "Cold water to a thirsty soul" is "this good news from a far country!" In my walk to the Post-office I encountered a crowd watched by the police. They gathered around a well dressed man, woman and two fine little boys. The party, except the man, were all crying. He was black and blue in the face from poundings by his high tempered wife! He was bidding her good-by to take the train. "She has been too hard on him," said the policeman in answer to my question. He was going to abandon his family forever! The poor boys were most to be pitied. Such an unnatural wife can hardly be anything but an unnatural mother. She looked healthful and almost handsome in spite of her tears of late and, I fear, superficial repentance. Family war, domestic war, foreign war,—the same incentives of selfish passion are at the root of each. "*Love worketh no ill.*"

I was present to-day at 12 o'clock to join in a religious service at Finsbury Chapel, called "The Merchants Lecture" for the keeping up of which at different places in London there is an endowment. Rev. H. Guinness Rogers was the preacher. His subject was "What is truth?" The chapel is in a part of London nearly deserted by its former dissenting and worshipping people. Only seventy-five persons were scattered among the semi-circular pews. The two high galleries and the lofty pulpit were unoccupied. Familiar hymns were sung by the congregation to tunes unfamiliar to me. The sermon was well arranged, thought out and delivered. It was a defence of Christian truth against certain popular objections. I learned that Mr. Rogers is regarded as a leading preacher by the Congregationalists and always commands a good audience in his own chapel. He is certainly a vigorous and convincing preacher.

In the evening I attended a prayer-meeting at Exeter Hall in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, hearing a somewhat interesting story of his conversion from one of my young countrymen. The latter are not all as good or gifted as some are! But the English seem willing to hear an "American" even if he talks little sense.

July 10. We celebrated the birthday of my friend and host Rev. W. Evans Darby, yesterday by a pleasant visit to a friend of his in a new suburb of London. I looked in at the thinly boarded but spacious "chapel" at the hour of prayer, which is observed here before the evening shadows fall. We took tea at 4 P. M. and supper at 8 P. M., and reached his delightful home, "The Roans," Essex Road, Waterford, on the Northwestern Railway, seventeen miles from London toward Liverpool, where I had already visited before my Paris trip. This is a growing city, far enough from the metropolis to have a life of its own.

July 11. Celebrated to-day by a visit for consultation to the Drs. Rudgard, father and son. The latter gave me a pretty thorough examination and decided nothing was the matter, I only needed rest. He was surprised that the voyage did not cure me, etc. Well, thought I, if this sea and land sickness that has followed me till food is repulsive and weight has been reduced "two stone" in a few weeks, and what little good temper nature and habit had left me are gone, is "nothing" and caused by nothing, why, a man might become a skeleton, a madman and even a corpse, and nothing ail him! But they gave me medicine and advised rest. So I will go to Wales and not to Germany and Switzerland, and do nothing.

But what a superb day it is! A burst of song—a spray of flowers—a glimpse of glory! After London noise and mud, these clean, still, dustless streets are like Paradise. Speaking of mud, that of London deserves special notice. It is unlike that of our Illinois prairie home, or our New York or Boston streets. It is a compound of greasy wax. The latter sticks while the former penetrates. The horses and wheels splash this mud over your clothing, and it becomes like the gravy-stained vest of a sloven, and can only be cleansed by vigorous and long saturations of hot water and ammonia, applied with swab and stiff brush. I doubt if it ever is banished from the substance of the cloth by any process short of the flames.

After lunch I enjoyed a stroll with Mrs. Darby and children along the smooth paths, under the ancient trees, over the green sward, resting on the wooden benches, watching the deer with their restless feet and horns. We see the cows ruminating by the river, the rabbits scampering in their "warren." The old mansion of the Earl of Essex is hardly picturesque, but the Park and its ancient gateway are. The Earl rents the pasturage of his ancestral Park to neighboring farmers and townspeople. He is fourscore and looked handsome and venerable as he drove home from the London Railway station. His coachman and footmen evidently belonged to their master's generation. His sons and daughters live not far away. Soon they will inherit the estate with its rentals and its mortgages. How kind in the Earl to let everybody enjoy his Park as if it were public ground.

July 12. Strolled through the old part of Watford. Bought "*The Sufferings of the Quakers*," a large folio, at a second-hand bookstore.

The new town dates back only twenty-five years. Shops, inns, houses are unlike anything in our country. They take you back to the times of Cromwell and the Charleses. It seems to me that the flowers in windows, gardens and yards, the blossoming vines in trellises and the flowering shrubs are finer in this moist climate than in ours. Took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Frye, the former the son of Edmund Frye, formerly engaged in the Peace work and dying at last at the age of 53 on the platform where twenty years ago he had been eloquently pleading for peace. (What a good place and way to die!) Mrs. Frye was a Priddaux, a sister of Elizabeth who wrote these lines on Elihu Burritt:

Round the world on its holy missions,
On tireless pinions his white dove flew.
Whispers of brotherhood, love and peace,
Thoughts of the time when all wars shall cease,
Fell on the nations like healing dew.

Mr. and Mrs. Frye have a home made delightful by art collections, tasteful decorations, a lovely garden and lawn,

and most of all by Christian kindness and courtesy. I was sorry not to visit the family home of Mrs. F., Ivy Bridge, near Southampton.

Sunday, July 14. Worshipped at a new and pleasant Baptist church at Watford. Rev. Mr. Stewart, the pastor, preached a good sermon and the large congregation joined heartily in the singing.

July 15. A stormy day. A pleasant, restful trip through the green fields of England, 150 miles northwest to Central Wales. A brief stay in ancient Shrewsbury greatly interested me. My destination was reached at 4 P.M.—Llandrindod Springs, Radnorshire.

July 16. Life at a Wales watering place differs so much from any at the "Springs" or seaside resorts of our own country that I give a little more space to Llandrindod Wells than I otherwise would. The place is a hilly bottomed "basin" among surrounding hills that are almost mountains. A pleasant little river (Ithon) hurries along through the plains of the green valley. We rise at six o'clock and walk between each of the four big glasses of hot saline water, up and down the pleasant paths of the park or out upon the country lanes by the farm-houses till nine o'clock, and then go in to our hotel breakfast of fresh eggs, tea, chocolate or coffee, mutton-chop (juicy meat and well cooked), wheaten loaf and nice butter. After breakfast we all resort to the Calvinistic Methodist (really Presbyterian) Chapel for "prayers." There are several hymns and prayers alternately in Welsh and English for twenty-five minutes. No remarks by way of exhortation or exposition are made. All the people sing, from the smallest child to the oldest person. The Welsh music and hymns are rendered with the most fervency. I am the only "American" present, and am welcomed with brotherly kindness and courtesy especially by the many whose relatives live in the United States. Our country and these absent ones are often subjects of prayer. After prayers comes a walk to the Chalybeate Spring and a draft of its iron-impregnated waters. To-day a party was made up by our friends Rev. and Mrs. P. Husband Davies of London for a drive of eleven miles to Rhayadar. We speed along the excellent roads by the valley of the Ithon to its junction with the Wye. We pass the mansion of W. Gibson Watt, the great-grandson of James Watt, whose inventive genius gave us the locomotive that now draws its swift train up this and so many other valleys of the round world.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM GERMANY.

RHINELAND. — COLOGNE. — UP THE RHINE. — FRANKFORT. —
HEIDELBERG. — FIRST VIEW OF JUNGFRAU.

Germany has come to mean so vast a region, and Berlin at the far North is now so decidedly its political centre, that the tourist through Rhineland feels that he has but touched the modern empire. Still, if one has less than a week at his disposal he can scarcely do better than to go across the rich and densely peopled plains of Belgium and Rhenish Prussia to ancient Cologne. The houses of the German farmers have a low, dull, gloomy look, as if the brightest social pleasures must be outside of them. The open air and the beer-gardens are more attractive. We noticed all over Europe, especially in rural villages, the same low roofs, thick walls, and unornamented exteriors. Scotch, Swiss, Italian, and even French "cottages" are little more than huts disfigured